

Posted by u/MaddTroll 8 hours ago  

Humans Are Complicated

OC OC

I hope this turns out OK. This is my first attempt so comment, criticisms and suggestions are welcome

I am Shallanxdra Morningstar, a Jendari. For the last six months I have been living among Humans. Those gigantic, terrifyingly fearless humans, with their weapons, armour, and relentlessness.

Humans came to Jendar to aid us, to be honest, they came to save us from extinction. Were it not for the humans, we Jendari would no longer exist. Jendar had been invaded by the Khattarix, a huge, vile, and brutal reptilian species, that claimed we Jendari were invaders on our home world. They claimed our world was theirs according to an ancient prophecy, and that we were an offence to their god. They were intent on purging what they said was our offensive existence from Jendar.

The Humans called Bullshit, to use their term, and came to drive the Khattarix back to their own space. The Khattarix have no morals and kill as much for pleasure as any other reason. They see killing civilians as the sporting side of war. They even held competitions to see who among them could kill more of us in a set time.

The human view of killing civilians, or medics is well known, and when they learned of the hunts their plans changed. No longer content to drive the Khattarix back to their space, they now set out to exterminate them. They destroyed almost every Khattarix ship in orbit, those that ran did so with a hunting pack of human ships in pursuit. Humans are persistence hunters, there is no escape.

For our safety all non essential civilians, and all children were evacuated from Jendar. Being a musician, dancer, and most importantly to the humans, a mother, I was a priority for evacuation. My young twins Zoelle, and Shantara saw our evacuation as an adventure, and were excited. I knew of humans as a warrior race that no one dared go up against, and what I had seen on Jendar only reinforced that image.

We were placed on a human ship to take us to Earth. It was a rapidly repurposed passenger liner. Comfortable enough , but being surrounded by humans was rather unnerving. We Jendari are a small species. We women average 1.2 metres tall, our men 1.4, and we weigh between 30 and 55 kilos. Humans are about 2 metres tall, some closer to 2.2 and weigh between 100 and 140 kilos, terrifyingly huge to us. Spending the next indefinite amount of time among humans was not something I was looking forward to, but my concern for my children's safety stiffened my spine.

Once aboard I learned about a whole other aspect of human nature. They are the most accommodating, caring, and creative people. Truly gentle giants, with huge hearts and delightful senses of humour. The trip to Earth was to take three weeks, so I

decided to let Zoe, and Shan have their adventure and treat the trip as a holiday.

The humans went above and beyond to make our journey pleasant and to prepare us for Earth. The shipboard entertainment net was filled with documentaries about the wonders of Earth. Mountains so high they tickled the stars. Forests as large as the biggest Jendari islands, lakes the size of oceans, and plains that stretched almost to infinity.

Then the human creations. Ancient cities that are so old the builders have been forgotten, so huge that they are larger than our capital. Modern cities filled with light, sound, and life, so tall they seemed to be reaching for the stars. Buildings over a thousand turns old, still sound enough to be lived in. Ancient windmills that have been in constant use for over 2000 turns.

As an artist, the cultures of Earth fascinated me. Earth is as fractured a world as the stories say, but for the arts this is a decided benefit. So much and so varied architecture, and art. From cave paintings made by early humans before any hint of civilization, to towering art installations out in space. Millions of paintings, from as small as my hand to the entire exterior walls of large buildings. Sculptures from figurines to colossi over a hundred metres tall. And the music, the wonderful, almost infinite music. Millions of recordings of every imaginable type of music, and some that are beyond imagination. From simple rhythms played on hollow logs, to sweeping orchestral music involving dozens of instruments and players. Human music is breathtaking!

Zoe and Shan were having the adventure of a lifetime. With a child's lack of fear, or inhibition, they were learning of the fun side of Humans. And no that is NOT an oxymoron. Humans specially trained in educating children while having fun with them took charge of the kitts for several hours a day. This gave the Mothers a break, and the children time to play actively and make noise without getting shushed by overstressed adults. Games galore, some were activity games, like scavenger hunts, hide and go seek, or Zoe's favourite Simon says. She likes being in charge. Board games that taught sharing and cooperation. Video games that let them play at being animals, or heroes, anything but kitts trapped on a spaceship. They even ran races and did acrobatics in the exercise areas of the ship.

Gus, a musician and a sweet man, was among the edutainers aboard. He played several instruments, and often led the children in singing. He taught them human songs, and told stories. One day he decided to teach the kitts to play a simple instrument called a penny whistle. The cacophony as kitts tried to master the trick of not blowing too hard must have been tough on poor Gus's ears. But by day's end the kitts could play an Earth tune from memory. It was called Greensleeves and it was an old traditional tune from an Earth nation called Britain. Zoe and Shan were so pleased with themselves that they almost dragged me to music class the next day to have me hear them.

I arrived in the 'Music room' to be greeted by Gus. He was delighted to have an adult join his class. I told him about my vocation, and his blue eyes sparkled. He gave me a whistle, and some instruction papers that explained the basics of how to play, and human music notation in its simplest form. I learned quickly and found the Penny Whistle to be very similar to the Jendari Sylphit.

Soon I was adept enough to start slipping into familiar tunes. Gus's eyes lit up at the unfamiliar music. He excitedly asked if I would play some of the dance music I knew best. I played my own favourite, Zendarian. A lively tune named for a flower, one often given as a token of affection. I found my feet moving without any conscious thought. Soon I was lost in the music, I found myself up and dancing as I played. My feet were stepping spritely, and my body swaying and twisting as I danced around the room. A drumbeat joined my music, I looked over to see Gus playing an odd drum I later learned is called a Bodhran. He held the drum in one hand, and played the complicated rhythm with the other. I found myself leading the kitts in a line of dance around the room. Their dance was more play than dance, but it was delightful! Finally I collapsed into a chair entirely out of breath. Gus stood up and started clapping and shouting Bravo! Over and over, until the children joined him. I don't think I had ever smiled that wide before.

And that is how I learned that Humans when angered are the most formidable foe in the galaxy. While also being the most caring, welcoming, accommodating, and generous people in the Galaxy. Humans really are complicated!